

WHAT WE DO WITH OUR BOYS.

REALLY, Mr. GREY, it's most kind of your wife to take so much trouble. But everyone spoils MARJORY. Ah, you think so? So glad! And yet I'm very anxious about her. Oh, dear no, she's delightfully good and obedient, and all that, so different from PERCY. But then, girls are different, are they not? But still—you have no daughters of your own, I believe? Yes? Ah, then, you can sympathise with me. A mother's responsibilities are so—so—exactly, so overwhelming, that sometimes one's heart fails one. But we can't do more than our best for them, can we? And some mothers are so—now there's Lady COOTE. You know her? Yes? Exactly! And her one idea is to get those red-haired girls married. She thinks of nothing—nothing, but that. Yes! So narrowing, ain't it? And the way she hunted that poor cracked Lord SANDOWN last year—positively hunted him! Makes her look so ridiculous, don't it? Ah yes, yes, of course. I suppose my MARJORY will marry some day. They do, don't they? But what troubles me is the—just so, the bringing her up to—I suppose now, you believe in the Higher Education of Women and all that? No? Oh, but how nice of you to say so. And yet, you know, there are people—now, there's ISABEL SOUTHGATE. I suppose you don't know—yes, Sir CHARLES is my cousin. Yes. Well, would you believe it, she is positively going to send her girls to Newnham, or one of those places. Yes, really. And they're actually going to take up teaching themselves. Now can you conceive anything more—of course, I only mean as regards women. Your case is so different. I always think yours is such a noble profession. Oh, but it is. So—er—so unselfish. Yes! Boys are so difficult, ain't they?

Now do tell me what you think of my PERCY. Ah, you've noticed that? High-spirited! Yes! How I envy you that gift of reading character. Directly you spoke to him I could see that you would get on beautifully together. He certainly has rather high spirits, hasn't he? Yes! But, of course, all his father's family are like that, you know. Yes, poor Lord PATRICK. Very sad, wasn't it, and so disagreeable for the family. But it was all the fault of that terrible old dowager. The way she neglected her children, when she wasn't spoiling them. Well, what else could one expect?

But I feel quite happy about PERCY. now that I know he's in such good hands. I always think, you know, that a mother is really the last person in the world to train her own boys. Of course, yes, so many other things to think of, hasn't one? And they're so noisy, ain't they, and always getting into mischief. Exactly. Nothing else for them to do, is there?



Lady Sneerwell. "HAVE YOUR DAUGHTERS ACCOMPLISHED MUCH IN MUSIC?"
Unfortunate Father. "YES—THE TENANTS BELOW HAVE MOVED."

The end of the holidays is always such a relief. It's so—so restful to think that someone else is looking after them. Someone one knows and trusts, of course. But really, your influence over boys is quite—oh, but how delightful of you. Now, I've never thought of that before. How simple! Yes, I see. Just to love them all. To love them. That must make it so delightfully easy. Let me see, haven't you a little CONYERS boy here? Yes? And you love him? Really? Really! Well, now, that is too dear of you. I must tell MARJORY. Ah, here they are.

Well, darling? And you liked it all? I'm sure it is. And I feel so happy about PERCY. Mr. GREY has just been telling me the secret of his influence. Can you imagine anyone loving—really loving—that unfortunate boy of MABEL CONYERS? Ah, well then, you are like Mr. GREY.

I'm sure I couldn't. But he says he loves them all, and—oh, MARJORY, do you hear that? The more disagreeable they are the more he loves them. Wonderful! I'm sure after that we can have no qualms about leaving PERCY in Mr. GREY's hands. Now, darling, if we're to catch our train I think we ought to be—oh, by the way, my husband is rather particular about religious views,—not too high, you know. Yes? But that's a great relief. And they say their prayers and that sort of thing? Yes? How nice! Oh, and will you be so kind, Mrs. GREY, as to see that he wears his thick Jaegers? Nonsense, PERCY, they don't tickle. He's always so tiresome about them, Mrs. GREY, but I'm sure he'll do what you tell him. Well now, we really must be—Goodbye, my darling boy. Goodbye, Mr. GREY; I have so enjoyed our little chat. So glad you're not too high. Good-bye. G. F. C.

WE ARE POOR YEOMANRY.

(After, though not precisely on a par with, the "Poor Labourers"—
"Altes Volkslied.")

WE'VE had no pay to-day-ay-ay-ay,
Nor yet for many a day-ay-ay-ay,
We've done what's right and we've fought our
fight,
Yet we cannot get our pay!

Red Tape is in the way-ay-ay-ay,
And they won't cut it away-ay-ay-ay.
It seems a shame, and who's to blame
When we cannot get our pay?

SOMETHING LIKE A CURE.

(Notes from the blank pages of Mr. Briefless Junior's Fee Book.)

The End of the Season at Evian-les-Bains.—Owing to pressing work in Chambers (looking out for chances in the Vacation) I have come a little late to Lac Leman. My hotel, "One of the Best," is "slowing down." The lift is only half working. You may go up, but unless compelled by *force majeure* you may not come down. But *force majeure* can be created by an occasional tip to the lift man. Then the Commissionnaire, resplendent in a gold cap and Swiss general's green uniform, performs unusual offices. In the early morning, on my way to the Source, I find him in our under-stableman's mufti, seemingly in the absence of a dismissed fellow-servant, hard at work washing windows with a mop. Then the Restaurant visitors are turned into the *table d'hôte* room. This is a proof that the season is nearing the end.

Society at "One of the Best."—There are three sets. The first is composed of the Restaurant people who have either made better bargains or pay more money than the *table d'hôte*s. They sit in a separate apartment to the latter, and have the same meals but with more flowers and candles. On the strength of the additional flowers and candles they look down upon the *table d'hôte*s. The *table d'hôte*s, the second set, regard with supreme contempt (on the strength of having better tables to themselves) the common or garden all-at-one-long-board people. When the Restaurant people are turned out of their special room (closed for the season) the *table d'hôte*s and others are levelled up. All have small tables and all have more flowers and lights. The Restaurant people unbend, and the hotel contains a happy family, which daily becomes small by degrees and, as the hours of departure by boat and rail arrive, beautifully less.

Against Doctor's Orders.—Those who go to Evian for the cure must be careful to avoid making friends amongst the residents. If you are not careful you run the chance of being killed by kindness. Invitations here, invitations there, invitations everywhere. Charming music at a *château*. Pleasant talks in an orchard. Delightful *soirées en ville*. But against doctor's orders. You are to be quiet and forget the gay world. But that you cannot do. This when you are proffered the most gracious and graceful hospitality? So when visiting Evian for the cure, keep to the rôle of "The Stranger."

The Cessation of the Casino.—Owing to the close of the season Evian is losing its gaiety. The Casino has given up its band and "distractions." You miss the chance of losing thirty francs in ten minutes. You are sorry at the disappearance of the grand orchestra with its marvellous (I fancy fifty) musicians. First went the lady who played the harp. Then a number of strings. Then a good half of the whole strength of the company. Then the conductor. Even the young lady who gives you glasses of water at the entrance to the rooms has disappeared. Only the placards recording past features remain. But it is cold comfort to know how gay Evian was in August when you are on the road to November.

From Land to Water.—But still we have the boats on Lac

Leman. You can make the *tour du Lac*. You get on board a vessel that would give points (not many) to the Thames steamer, and buy twenty francs worth of journey by the kilometre. You wish to make the tour of the lake, and at once a portion of your card is cut off and stamped. The journey by the kilometre is a tip. You save a third or two-thirds (I forget which) of the ordinary expense. Once on board you possess yourself of a guide-book and read up the beauties of your surroundings. You are to see mountains, valleys, old castles, churches, *châteaux*, waterfalls, all lovely beyond compare. This you would do were it not for lunch. While you are passing (seated in a cabin) the most romantic scenery imaginable you are eating a meal of four courses and a dessert. Well, you know what it is like outside—from the guide-book.

A Fellow Traveller.—I met him travelling from Evian to Ouchy. He was full of tact. I spoke to him in French. He understood me! Marvellous! Then he spoke to me in French, and I understood him! Again marvellous! Then we discovered that we were both born and bred Londoners. He had been everywhere. He had during the past fortnight visited Naples, Rome, Petersburg, Berlin, and was on his way to Brussels. He had been twice to South Africa. He had been round the world frequently. He told me all about Canada, India, America, and Australia. He was full of information. He seemed to have been always on the move. I remembered the old legend of the world-wide wanderer, but he did not look in the least like the hero of that painful story. My better seventeenths whispered, "Evidently a diplomatist." I was inclined to agree with her. French is the language of the Foreign Offices—at home and abroad—and he understood my French. Wonderful tact! "I beg your pardon, Sir," said I, "forgive me for asking, as a comparative stranger, what I trust you will not consider an impertinent question. But, how are you connected with Downing Street? Do you carry despatches? Are you in the Diplomatic service?" "Oh, no," replied my fellow traveller, with a shrug of polite contempt. "No, nothing of that sort. I travel in lavender water."

On the Wing.—I have stayed a whole fortnight, and my kind doctor (Swiss) tells me I may go home. Cured? He hopes so, and so do I. I give notice at "One of the Best." The gentleman who keeps the books seems deeply obliged. On the strength of our departure I fancy a deputy cook and a chap who sweeps up leaves in the grounds are dismissed—until next season. We bid adieu. First to our kind and hospitable friends. Then to the constituents of Evian. I give a list of those who receive tips. Two chambermaids. Man who brings in the matutinal tub. Man who brings in the complete tea. Fellow with the lift. Chap who helps him sometimes. *Concierge*. Man who says there are no letters when the *concierge* is not there. Head waiter. Waiter who looks after our table. Another waiter who takes an interest in us because he says he knew us when we stayed at the Hotel First-rate in town. A fellow who opens the door. Smoking-room waiter. Smoking-room waiter's deputy. Several porters. Two omnibus men. Employés at the Source. Beggar who gave us a shock on our arrival by exhibiting a deformed leg as a specimen of an Evian cure. Chap who touches his hat on the pier. And, last but not least, the Commissionnaire (tipped several times during our stay) who seizes a rug from a porter and presents himself smiling. Porter looks so disappointed that have to tip him too. Total of largesses: Fifty-seven francs!

Parting Opinion.—"My dear friend," says an acquaintance who pretends to know all about it, "the beauty of the Evian water is this: it brings everything out of you. It will discover all the ailments under the sun—if you have them. All you have to do after taking your course is to wait. The Evian water is deliberate. You don't know at once. Wait for a few weeks and then you will know what's the matter."

A Month Later.—No complaints.



Mamma (who has a very fastidious guest). Oh, GEOFFREY, YOU MUSTN'T TOUCH THE CAKES, OR ELSE MUMMY WILL HAVE TO THROW THEM AWAY!"
Geoffrey. "WILL MUMMY TELL DEFFY WHERE SHE FROWS 'EM?"

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HOW IT STRIKES A CON- TEMPORARY.

II.—Of "The Spectator," regarded as a sensational organ.

"Gentlemen, there is something cruelly complete in all the circumstances of this nine days' imposture. A respectable weekly newspaper—(laughter)—of blameless antecedents—(laughter)—and growing infirmities—(laughter)—was selected at once to be its vehicle and its victim. It was a piquant variation of those stories about . . . eccentric members of the animated creation with which the journal is in the habit of regaling its unsophisticated readers. (Laughter)."—*Mr. Asquith on the Rhodes-Schnadhorst correspondence in "The Spectator."*

It is indeed an age of doubt,
Incredulous, iconoclastic;
The ancient creeds are dying out,
Or growing daily more elastic;
We stand with folded arms and see
Our fondest, shapeliest idols shattered;
And wear a torpid apathy
Just as if nothing really mattered.

We note the pains that History takes
With certain hoary myths to grapple—
How truthful *ÆLFRED* wrecked the cakes,
Or *WILLIAM TELL* secured the apple;
And feel no rising in our gorge
Though faiths are left without a rag on,
Not though it seems that good St. George
Never competed with a Dragon.

Yet from the slump which overtook
The dear beliefs we used to cherish
One faith survived, and, hook or crook,
We swore it should not lightly perish;
All others might be melted in
The Higher Criticism's crater,
Our confidence we yet would pin
To our beloved and tried *Spectator*!

For though a taste for Nature's "sports"
Had left it reckless how it sifted
The origin of those reports
Of puppies fabulously gifted,
At such impostures we connived;
We knew that they were faked at leisure
By country rectors who derived
From this employ a harmless pleasure.

In fact our organ's credit grew
More firm by this facetious column,
Because it called attention to
The general tone as strictly solemn;
We saw its wit was thus confined
Within the mute creation's borders,
While all its serious powers of mind
Were centred on the higher orders.

Why could not such a scheme suffice?
O blameless, O demure *Spectator*,
Lone vehicle of sound advice,
And virtue's prime perambulator!
Have you at last been led astray
Through momentary exaltation,
And gone the pestilential way
Of prints that traffic in sensation?

How did you ever come to mix
In scandal aimed at Mr. *SCHNADHORST*,



Rev. MA
1901

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE," &c.

Maid (looking over wall to newly-married couple just returned from their honeymoon). "Oh, PLEASE 'M, THAT DOG WAS SENT HERE YESTERDAY AS A WEDDING PRESENT; AND NONE OF US CAN'T GO NEAR HIM. YOU'LL HAVE TO COME IN BY THE BACK WAY!"

Or try these giddy circus-tricks,
Hoop-flying, hobby-mounted, fad-horsed?
Feats that become a skittish vench,
With flaunting hose and flimsy skirt on,
Should not be practised by the Bench,
Or solid matrons reared at Girton.

You have your part; it is to preach
The value of the old convictions,
Or, failing this, at worst to reach
Our children's hearts with homely
fictions:

Need your respected ears be lent
To public Rumour's brazen trumpets?
No, no! come back, and be content
With tales of our prodigious dumb pets.

O. S.

OVER THE SEA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read that two new cures for sea sickness have just been discovered; the one the eating of bananas; the other, found out by Professor HEINZ, of Erlangen, who declares that the malady proceeds from the lobe of the brain, and that to avert it one has only to breathe freely. As to the Professor's theory about breathing freely, I can safely assert that I never open my mouth so wide as when crossing the Channel, but the experiment is an unpleasant failure.

Your obedient servant,

Peckham Rye. DIONYSIUS DABELRISK.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. IV.—HERBERT WELLESLEY ROSSITER.

SOME time ago, with nothing much to do,
It chanced that I was wandering through the City.
Something there was I wanted to put through,
But could not think of it, the more 's the pity.
These great resolves which have no base to stand on
Are hard to act on, easy to abandon.

What hope inspired me? Whither was I bound?
Why had I left my West-End fellow mortals?
What brought me to the consecrated ground,
Close to the Mansion House's massive portals?
I could not say—I might have been a dumb thing—
But well I knew that there had once been something.

Ranged in a line, the buses seemed to fret
The City constable, their kind instructor;
While each one's pole—so closely were they set—
All but impaled the previous one's conductor.
And all the busmen looked most unseraphic,
Thus blocked and hindered in the seething traffic.

I saw the brokers hurrying on their way,
Swift past the corners where the cunning touts hide;
I saw promoters pouncing on their prey;
I saw the Stock Exchange—at least its outside.
I heard the jobbers coax and curse and wheedle;
I saw the Bank, and, ah! I saw its beadle.

Clerks with their downy faces too were there,
Sharp as the razors that they had no use for;
And well-fed men—I knew not who they were:
Such ignorance there 's really no excuse for.
At any rate, the rather stout and balder men
I marked as Common Councillors or Aldermen.

My lingering gait, where most men seemed to race,
Struck me at last as something almost shameless;
Amid this eager crowd there was no place,
It seemed, for one so indolently aimless.
Jostled by all this swift financial flurry,
I too, I thought, must rouse myself and hurry.

And so I scooted on like anything,
An air of resolution on my visage
Fashioned to make me like some merchant king
Intent to stamp himself at least on his age.
And in a step or two a change came o'er me,
And golden visions seemed to float before me.

And many other men, a motley crew,
Drawn, I suppose, by these ecstatic visions,
Along the City street were hurrying too,
Heedless of hindrance, reckless of collisions.
A quest they had and a resolve to win it:
"There 's something on," I thought, "and I 'll be in it."

I followed one who seemed to promise pelf:
It came from every pore in all his fat form;
And then, I know not how, I found myself
Seated upon a bench before a platform;
And there I found what I had long been seeking,
For HERBERT WELLESLEY ROSSITER was speaking.

Who knows not HERBERT? He is of the men
Who made the Empire—not as Romans made it,
Or GENGHIS KHAN or ALEXANDER, when
With fire and sword they harried and invaded.
He worked—we have it in his own confessions—
By giving cheques and getting fat concessions.

His mind was most inadequately stored:
At school and college he was dull and stupid.

Men he despised; by women he was bored:
He did not once, in fact, give way to Cupid.
He did no work, he did not seem for play made,
This hulking lout of very common clay made.

His wit was small; his wisdom seemed to lie
Mainly in jests that stung and jeers that hurt you.
For daily life his standard was not high:
Honour he scorned, and much derided virtue:
"Its own reward?" he sneered, "Too low the price is;
I much prefer the market rate for vices."

"Why strive, since strife makes heat?" he said: it
That money down was easier and cooler, [seemed
And so he drew his cheques, and paid, and dreamed
A world of dupes with ROSSITER as ruler.
Those who outwitted him he liked, nor pitied
But only laughed at those whom he outwitted.

Off had I wanted to behold this man,
Hero of countless anecdotes and stories,
Hear him expound some new financial plan,
Or tell the tale of all his ancient glories.
Till now from print I merely had inferred him,
And lo! by chance I sat and saw and heard him.

(To be continued.) R. C. L.

THE MAYOR AND THE MAJOR.

THE Mayor-elect of Portsmouth is one Major DUPREE. Some of the ratepayers would apparently have preferred another candidate, Alderman SCOTT-FOSTER, but there is a smack of nautical rhythm about the name of DUPREE quite appropriate to Portsmouth. For instance—

The freedom of the boundless sea
Is now an heirloom of DUPREE.

Or again:

Oh! who will o'er the Downs so free,
With Portsmouth Mayor, the great DUPREE?

Or yet again:

I sing to you in minor key
Of one who's Major, named DUPREE,
A Mayor of *Mare*, that's the sea.

Or yet once more:

At Portsmouth town the Council, sager
Than anybody, chose the Major,
And, having whims and whams, DUPREE
Made Mayor and Major joined, you see.

All good health to the Major-Mayor! May his present du-
preciation by his adversaries never be fostered for long. We are
perfectly certain that during his mayoralty Portsmouth will
not be a mere geographical expression, for he has the support
of the Licensed Victuallers.

"MY 'OSSES."

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

STRICTLY speaking they are not his horses. By legal right,
derived from cash payment, they belong to his master, Sir
PHILIP. CHARLES is merely the coachman. But having been
in charge of the stables for seven years, he has come to look upon
all connected with that sacred locality as his private property,
the master being a perhaps indispensable adjunct. I often
share the box-seat with CHARLES, my place being, of course, the
lower one. I never descend to the further level trodden by
people who don't drive horses without a feeling of abject
inferiority.

J. CHARLES has rooted convictions on all topics, and is not averse
to stating them. He doesn't think much of the present Ministry.
"They run in blinkers," he says; "which is well enough for



Angler. "I THINK WE MIGHT CATCH ANOTHER ONE TO-NIGHT YET, DOUGAL."

Dougal. "I'M THINKIN', SIR, WE'D AS WELL BE GOIN' HOME. THERE'S NO ENOUGH—ER—LIGHT TO CATCH ANOTHER FISH!"

a 'oss, but not the thing for a human being, much less for a Cabinet Minister. Wot did they bring ROBERTS 'ome for?" he sternly asks me.

"Why indeed?" I say, meanly shaking my head as if I had long brooded over the problem and given it up as hopeless.

Bicycles he despises; motor cars he abominates. His loyalty is shaken by hearing that the other day the KING drove from Windsor to London on a motor car, occasionally doing forty miles an hour.

"I never cycle, much less moter," says CHARLES, in a tone that speaks infinite contempt and distrust for those who do.

"A pair of 'osses like them now afore you is good enough for me."

He speaks very nicely of his master, a feeling justified by habit on the part of that person to keep his place.

"I will have good 'osses to drive," he said, "and Sir PHILIP knows it. This pair—look at the gloss on the chestnut's coat—if put up at TATT'SILLS to-morrow would bring 500 guineas. If I wasn't allowed the like of 'em I'd leave the shop. But then, look what I do for 'em. There's four of us in the yard. But lor! what's four for six 'osses? It's elbow-grease that makes that coat shine, and I stand by and see my fellers put it on."

CHARLES does not approve his master's choice this year of a country house, albeit it is one of historic renown.

"The stables ain't a patch on them we had last year," he gloomily remarks; "nor my quarters isn't neether. Only for my 'osses I'd take rooms in the village. But there, how could I be spared? There's dinner and tea to go and git, and where would my 'osses be whilst I was feedin'? In a way, it's like KITCHENER, d'ye see? He's put in charge of the War now ROBERTS has come 'ome,—though why the Government. . . . KITCHENER 's made responsible by CHAMBERLING for the business

of the War, and he must be on the spot night and day. Sir PHILIP's give my 'osses into my charge, and I'm allus on the spot. But they're poor rooms compared with those I had last year. Wo'a, Lovely! Wo'a, lass!"

Throned on the box of the landau, CHARLES casts an air of severe respectability over the company seated within. To a back view he presents a blue coat with bright brass buttons; a carefully brushed hat with a cockade; a shirt collar of the stiffness of a wall and the height of a fence. How he gets his head in and out of it no other man knoweth.

Some experts occasionally drive a pair of horses with the reins held in the left hand. CHARLES never. Driving is a serious occupation, and must be conducted accordingly. CHARLES, with his shoulders squared, his elbows akimbo, his feet, with the toes slightly turned outward, firmly set on the boards, with the pleased sun shining on his spotless white breeches and his highly-polished top boots, always holds the reins in both gloved hands.

"It looks easy enough," he said, rightly interpreting a glance of admiration involuntarily falling on his figure and pose. "But no one that 'asn't got to do it knows how my near 'oss pulls. He's got no mouth at all. Come up, Lovely."

TOOTHsome.—Here is a chorus to delight a sufferer who is expecting to be fitted up with an entire *râtelier*:—

"Oh, that will be jaw-ful!"

Though, by the way, the well-known concluding line of this jubilant verse would not suggest a state of happiness to the "wearer of the grin," as there would be neither meat nor drink for the unhappy person whose new teeth, upper and lower, should "meet to part no more!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CHRISTMAS is coming, there's no doubt about it; and as Christmas gets nearer and nearer—which is really quite contrary to the genial and generous disposition of all past free-handed Christmases with which the Baron has been intimately acquainted—so ought our hearts to expand and our hands go out of our pockets, with money in them, to pay, pay, pay, and give pleasure to those young 'uns whose turn will come in time to do likewise and to give pleasure freely as freely they have received it. So to those in search of Gift Books the Baron recommends *The Adventures of a Japanese Doll*, written and capably illustrated in colours and Anglo-Japanese style by HENRY MAYER (GRANT RICHARDS); also *Fairy Tales from the Swedish* by H. L. BRÆKSTED (among which will be found some variants of very ancient friends) with clever illustrations by KITTELSEN, ERIK WERENSKIÖLD and CARL LARSSON (HEINEMANN). Then there is *Old King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes* (MACMILLAN & Co., Limited, London and New York), with eccentric pictures in colours by BYAM SHAW, representing *Sad Peter Piper*, the mystery of whose embezzlement of "a peck of pickled pepper" has never yet arrived within measurable distance of being cleared up; and there is "*Hush-a-bye Baby*" Americanized as "*Rock-a-bye Baby*," and a number of other dear old nursery rhymes that the Baron, the Baroness, the Baronites, and the Baronitesses would not willingly let die, all set out in clear print with plenty of margin, just the very thing for nursery delight in the present year of grace and, being carefully preserved, for reflection in "The Coming By-and-By." Also, from the same MACMILLANERY Co., we have *Old Irishe Rimes of Brian O'Linn*, amusingly written and spiritedly illustrated by ROSAMUND PRÆGER. Here, too, is *The Green Cat*, by S. ASHTON (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., Limited), and illustrated by DOROTHY FURNISS, who is to be congratulated on having made such strides, such "grand strides," in her art that, "pon my life and soul, oh, demmit," as Mr. Mantalini observed, the Baron could scarcely believe his eyes when they informed him that he was not admiring the humorous touches of the HARRY FURNISS pencil but those of his daughter. Only here and there occurs a drawing that H. F. père could not have done, except, perhaps, when he was the same age as his clever daughter who here exhibits brilliant sparks of genius derived from the original FURNISS.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson (METHUEN), designed as a supplement to the two volumes of his *Letters*, was to have been written by his early and late friend, Mr. SYDNEY COLVIN. When my Baronite recalls the admirable manner in which the *Letters* were edited, there is impulse to regret that the intention was not carried out, regret increased on learning that the task was abandoned owing to ill-health. Happily, a competent substitute has been found in Mr. GRAHAM BALFOUR. As a rule, a kinsman is not the best man to undertake a biography. Mr. BALFOUR's work is admirably done. Subjected to the fascination, amounting almost to idolatry, which STEVENSON exercised over all who came in close touch with him, he, nevertheless, refrains from ecstasy. He tells a plain unvarnished tale that enables those of the outer circle to realise what manner of man was this whose name filled, and will hold, a prominent place in English literature. The story is frequently touched with infinite pathos. STEVENSON's life was an almost daily struggle with Death. Several times he received what seemed a knockdown blow. But he came up to the scratch again, cheerily re-commencing his work at the place where, suddenly, he had been forced to lay down the pen. He had an intense pleasure in being alive, though he was peremptory and insistent on the conditions of life. In his early days his ideal was realised in the Bohemian latitude of Barbizon. Towards the end he found perfect peace and rest in a remote island in the Pacific. "Life," he wrote, in one of the letters that are in themselves the highest development of the style whose perfection he laboriously sought, "is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the

chimney stacks and telegraph wires." In his closing years STEVENSON became the idol of the reading public at home and in the United States. Samoa was a shrine. It is interesting, and to some inglorious if not mute MILTONS will be encouraging, to gather from Mr. BALFOUR's narrative how slowly recognition came to this prince of writing-men. He began the profession of literature in his sixteenth year, publishing anonymously an account of the Pentland Rising. Year after year he pegged away, but it was not till 1879, thirteen years after his first essay, that he made something like a mark with his *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*. He was in his thirty-sixth year when he took the public by storm with *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. After that he had a triumphal march. Probably the fantastic story is not the portion of his work which STEVENSON, if he had his choice, would select as the basis of his fame.

The Wooing of Sheila, by GRACE RHYS (METHUEN), with its strong sensational incidents, its deep pathetic tragedy, and its light-hearted comely dialogue, is one of the best as it is certainly one of the most fascinating Irish stories the Baron has had the pleasure of reading this many a day. The types of Hibernian character are, for the most part, as novel as they are original. *Sheila* is the sweetest of Irish maiden heroines, as innocent as was the *Colleen Bawn* herself; while a parallel character to her lover, *Michael Power*, it would be difficult to find anywhere out of a farmstead in a somewhat wild part of old Ireland, and nowadays, but rarely even there. The descriptions of scenery have all the charm of true poetic feeling. Then there is *Mick-a-Dandy* the "born natural," own brother to one of CHARLES LEVER's best studies from Irish life, *Tipperary Joe* in *Jack Hinton*, a wild, fanciful, lovable creature who grows so dear to the reader that it is difficult to realise how the author could have been so hard-hearted as to kill him before the happiness of the lovers, with which *Mick* has had so much to do, is achieved. A really delightful book, highly recommended by the Baron.

The Diva, by Miss ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP), is an entertaining novel of modern times. Plenty of action and local colouring. A Veteran Servant of the Baron has perused the book—so he says—with the deepest interest. One of the ladies in the story is not unlike a twentieth-century *Becky Sharp*. But poetical justice comes in and sends her out of her mind in lieu of installing her—as in THACKERAY's romance—in a Fancy Bazaar. The atmosphere of Kaki redolent. Altogether, says the Veteran, &c., a book to be read. With pleasure.

In East of Suez, by A. PERRIN (ANTHONY TREHERNE & Co., Limited). The authoress gives us a collection of cleverly-written stories which, the Baron thinks it not too much to say, for graphic description, sharp incisive sketches of character, and effective dramatic situation, are second only to the *Plain Tales* by RUDYARD KIPLING; while two or three of them run even the best of KIPLING's uncommonly close. Possessing the great merit of brevity, the reader, with a clear three-quarters of an hour ere the dressing-bell rings, can get through any one of these stories in that space of time, only he will find his literary appetite so sharpened for another tale that only a still sharper appetite for dinner will compel him to put aside the book as one "to be continued in his next" leisure moment.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

P. S.—My juniorest Baronitess informs me that Christmas Cards and Calendars, all of the most elaborate kind, are once again offered to the public by RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS. Of the various Calendars, the most ingeniously devised specimen is the "Sedan Chair," which will be generally welcomed as a charming Christmas present.

A CREDIT-ABLE SUGGESTION.—*Bilkins* (reading from paper). Why, what's this?—the New Public-House Trust! Chorus of Auditors. Where? Where? Let's be off at once. (General dismay on learning the objects of the Company.)



A POPULAR SEA-SIDE RESORT OF THE ROMAN PERIOD.



Visitor. 'AND HAVE YOU ANY UNCLES AND AUNTS?'

Winifred. 'OH, YES, LOTS OF UNCLES AND AUNTS. BUT I'M VERY SCARCE IN GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS!'

NOLI ME TANGERE;
OR, THE RED RIBBON LEAGUE.

SCENE—Any London Street.

Hail-Fellow-well-met, loq.:

WHY, why is it, when now we meet
Your manner's grown so frigid,
And down the street
From those you rarely deign to greet
You keep a distance rigid?

Why, pray, of late this haughtiness
That really ill befits you?

I'm not, I guess,
A process-server, and still less
A student of Bartitsu!

Though you've of late been strangely
queer,

I know of nought between us,

While you appear
To cherish a dislike sincere
Of the whole human genus.

ORESTES to your PYLADES

I played at schol and college;

To-day you freeze,
But how my presence fails to please
Is quite beyond my knowledge!

I once could dig you 'neath the rib
And slap you on the shoulder;
With banter glib
I'd punch you freely—now you jib,
Nor could you seem much colder.

You've red tape round your arm—is that
A decoration mystic?

I'll eat my hat
If I know what you're driving at
With signals cabalistic!

Friend of his Youth replies:

It simply means "pray pass me by,
I mayn't be touched or shaken!"

You wonder why?
'Tis vaccination makes me shy,
E'er since the place has "taken!"

A. A. S.

MILLIONS IN IT.

(From the Note-book of a Play-going
Impressionist.)

HOPE so. From the look of the house
when I visited it a fortnight since, not
unlikely. Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, who pro-
duced it, may congratulate Mr. WALTER

RALEIGH, who wrote it. Then both re-
ceive thanks of the shareholders of Drury
Lane Theatre, Limited. Scenery excel-
lent. Dining-room of huge hotel perhaps
a little disappointing. Dinner, too, ap-
parently not very substantial. Rather
too much plate and flowers. Scarcely as
convincing as meal of a kindred character
in *The Man from Blankley's*. Seen the
smashing of glass before at Drury Lane.
Last occasion—under the auspices of
Druriolanus—hank, not baker's, windows
were shattered. Seen, too, a street riot
on the stage at the Princess's, and fancy it
was one of SIMS's plays. But, taken all
round, *The Great Millionaire* very enter-
taining. Guildhall act first rate. Capital
reproduction of the Lord Mayor of Lon-
don (now nearing the end of his municipal
reign) and equally fine embodiment of the
German Emperor. Motor car smash at
first (so reported) a little doubtful, now
absolutely definite. Played well all
round. Representative of *The Great
Millionaire* (Mr. FULTON) could not be
better. Most of his colleagues nearly as
good. Safe for a run to the eve of the
Pantomime. Quite worth seeing.

["The nation which is satisfied is lost. The nation which is not progressing is retrograding. We can afford to . . . exchange some of our own self-complacency for complacency for complacency in a final gift." Lord Rosebery at Birmingham, October 15, 1901.]



SELF-COMPLACENCY; OR, THE DORMOUSE AND THE LION.

DORMOUSE R-S-B-R-Y. "I DARESAY I COULD HELP HIM OUT IF I LIKED. BUT, AFTER ALL, HE'S BIG ENOUGH TO DO IT HIMSELF." (quoting) "IF HE WOULD ONLY WAKE UP!"

["The nation which is satisfied is lost. The nation which is not progressing is retrograding. We can afford to . . . exchange some of our own self-complacency, for complacency is a fatal gift."]

[Goes to sleep again.]
[Lord Rosebery at Birmingham, October 10, 1901.]



SIR DUCKIE;

OR, RICHARD NEVER WAS HIMSELF AGAIN.

(Being a fragment from a very free adaptation of a scene in a recent novel by an eminent authoress.)

"OH, DODGER!" Lady Hen PARTLETT cried. "Oh, DODGER! what is it?"

And he told her, repeating, with but a few omissions, the statement made to him by the doctor ten days ago.

"Your little one is—a duck," said DODGER TWENTYSTUN.

Lady HEN was very still. She made no cackle. Once the feathery plumage gave a shuddering rustle.

That was all.

At last it was over.

Then DODGER, swearing a little under his breath, stole out.

"A duck! my pretty chick, a duck!"

Lady HEN arched her beautiful head, thrusting her beak under her wing, as she murmured—

"This comes of employing a quack doctor!"

But the little one, once launched, got on swimmingly, its mother watching it anxiously from the brink of danger through many a chapter of accidents.

FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

HINTS TO CHAIRMEN.

WHEN things are bad and language strong
From Shareholders who've suffered long,
And hopelessly the Company is floundering in the mire;
Should they attack Directors' fees,
Then let your manner slightly freeze,
And say, "I think the labourer is worthy of his hire."

Suppose of proxies you've a lot,
Then let your speech grow rather hot,
Assert that you would simply scorn to leave a sinking ship;
Say, "Since I've got the helm in hand,
I'll steer you to the promised land,
But swapping horses in the stream is bound to cause a slip."

If when you step inside the door,
They rave and hoot and hiss and roar,
And "Yar!" or "Boo," or "Guinea pig," they all distinctly
say;
Then gaze around with some surprise,
In martyred manner droop your eyes,
And say, "I hope, as Englishmen, you'll let me have fair
play."

If on a show of hands you find
They'll do without you (most unkind!)
And when they hear you'll proxies use they shriek that it's a
sell;
Then say, "Although I much regret
The fact, I cannot leave you yet,
My duty's to record the votes of absentees as well."

If one should have the nerve to say
(You ne'er can tell, perhaps he may),
Because you sit on twenty boards he won't have your advice;
Then shrug your shoulders just a bit,
And give him back this gentle hit,
"That means that my experience is cheap at any price."

But if at last things clearly show,
That really you will have to go,
There's just one final sentiment they'll heartily applaud:
You give your voice a clarion ring,
And say, "In spite of everything,
You're welcome to my services although I've left the board."

THE TALE OF A TYPEWRITER.

It was a phantom of delight
When first it gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be my study's ornament.
The key-board twinkled bright and new,
The plated levers twinkled too,
And underneath the case was seen
The very pulse of the machine,
That seemed to beckon and invite
To sit, to meditate, to write.

I sat for a while
With a big broad smile,
While the little bell rang in encouraging style;
And I tapped on the keys
As fast as you please,
Like a woodpecker busily tapping the trees.
I watched with delight on the paper appear
The letters so legible, round and clear,
And curly and curlier grew my lip
As I gazed on my masterly workmanship.

But who can tell
When all is well?
What I thought was a prean performed by the bell
Was really a knell
My hopes to dispel
And change my bright heaven to desolate hell.
When my gaze on the paper more narrowly fell
I found the whole business a fraud and a sell—
For the typer had never been taught to spell!

The howlers it made!
I am fairly afraid
To tell all the tricks that typewriter played!
You couldn't believe them although you essayed;
And take this from me—
No infant of three,
However much "mixed" the said infant might be,
Would dream of misspelling the words—simple, quite—
That that fool of a typewriter couldn't write right.

Then the stops: it was weird
To see what appeared!
Where a meek little comma the sense might have cleared,
A tall exclamation defiantly reared,
Or high in the air a small asterisk peered;
While as for its grammar, a fool had detected
Its whole education'd been grossly neglected.

Envoy.

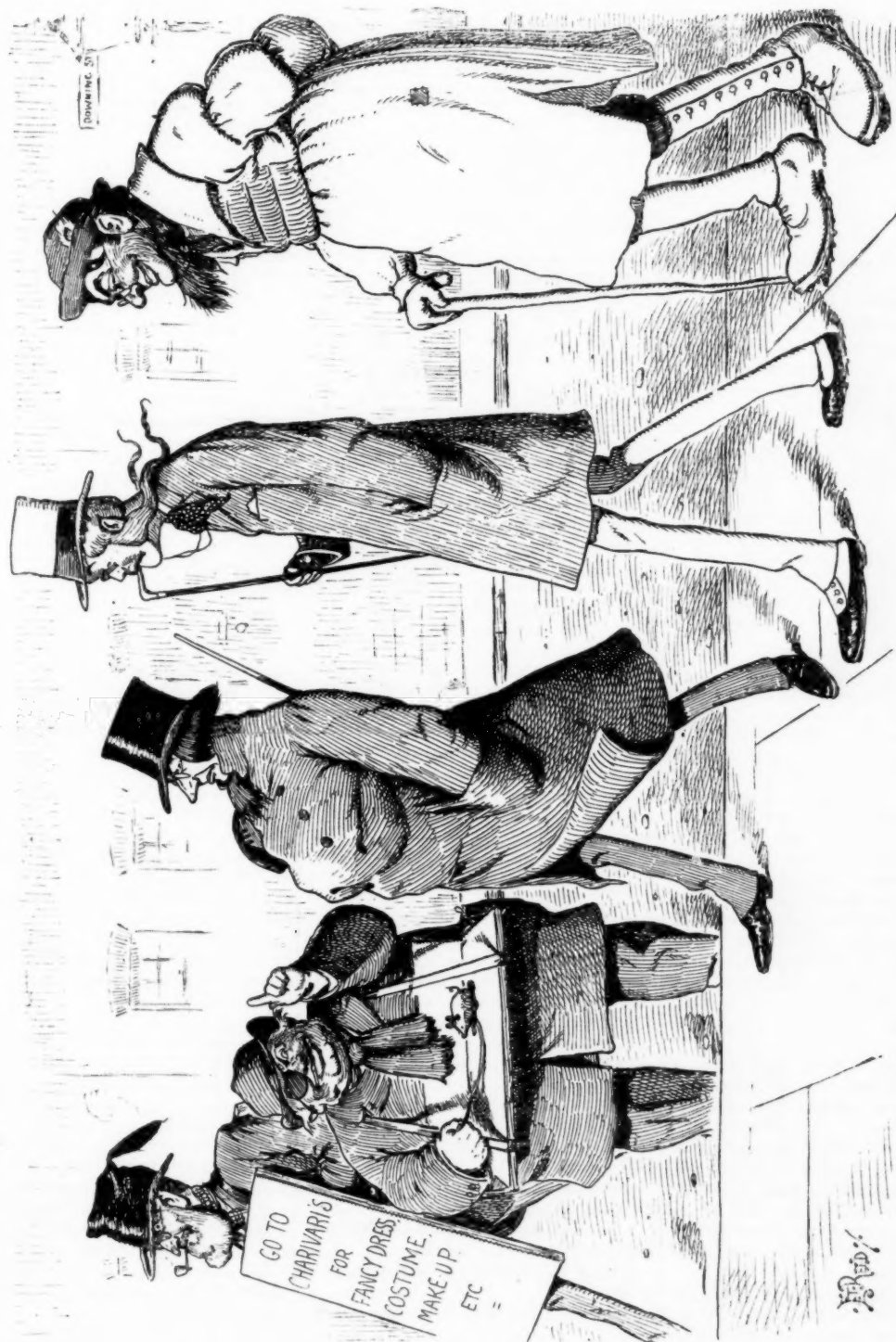
For sale, a typewriter that's hardly been used.
A bargain. No offer in reason refused.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

At a famous murder trial in the middle of the last century, a witness testified that the accused (who was subsequently hanged) was locally regarded as a respectable man. Pressed for the grounds for such a reputation the witness replied, "He drove a gig." The *Daily Telegraph* beats that classic distinction, which nearly drove CARLYLE mad. Reporting the circumstances attending the attempted murder and suicide at Blackfriars, it gravely says:—

"Bunting, who is some years younger than his brother, wore a silk hat, and it was no doubt due to this appearance of superior position as much as to astonishment at the unusual incident that spectators who witnessed the pursuit along the subway refrained from interfering."

Much is said, especially in hot weather, despitely of the top hat. Those about to commit murder in a public place will note its remarkable influence at a critical moment.



SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS SEEN RECENTLY IN DOWNING STREET.

THE ABOVE GENTLEMEN, UNDER VARIOUS DISGUISES, ARE NO DOUBT WORKING THEIR WAY GRADUALLY TO THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

[The Lord Chancellor said that, unknown to the public or the Press, the Cabinet did meet for consultation. Perhaps some of them had been in London in disguise (laughter); and they had possibly left dummies to represent them in the distant parts of the country where they were reported to be sojourning.—Sir Edward Grey at Newcastle.]

THE REASON WHY.

[Under the title, "The Impossibility of Dressing on £1000 a year," a popular monthly magazine gives an analysis of the expenditure which 'the smart society woman' finds it absolutely necessary to devote to her toilet during the year.]

IN course, it stands ter reason, which it's stited pline and clear,

No lidy thinks o' dressin' on a thahsand pahnds a year.

'Owver she desire

Ter economise, MARIER,

She's always wantin' suthink wot 'll send the bills up 'igher;

For if it ain't chinchiller, why,

It's probably a fevver—

She must 'ave suthink noo ter try

Forever an' forever.

An' ain't there reason too,

Pore thing, for wot she do?

'Cos why? 'Er friends they wouldn't know for clear

She really was a lidy—

They would think 'er suthink shidy

If she didn't spend a thahsand pahnds a year.

Unless she's dressed quite *commyfo*,

Wiv fur an' lyce an' fevver,

They never would suspect 'er—no!

They never wouldn't—never!

A SAIL AND A "SELL."

BLUFFER, to whom, in a weak moment, I entrusted my fortunes last Saturday, in a small sailing boat, deserves to be shown up for the misery he inflicted upon an individual who has never done him any injury. (As yet—but I am waiting for BLUFFER still!) Overnight BLUFFER had looked me up at my hotel, and after a cigar, he suggested that I should sail round to Puddlecombe with him in his five-tonner, in the morning.

"Start 9.30—have a good sail—be there at twelve. Come ashore and lunch with me at the Yacht Club, and you shall be back here before five. What say you?" Thus BLUFFER. And foolishly ignoring the sapient sentence beginning "If sinners entice thee"—and BLUFFER is an awful sinner, and no mistake!—I foolishly consented.

Next morning, at 9.15, BLUFFER's one "hand"—he facetiously calls him his crew—came up to my hotel with a message to the effect that we must start in five minutes. I bolted about half my breakfast, scalded my tongue with hot tea, forgot my pipe, and hurried off to the jetty without a mackintosh. Here, "the crew" invited me to enter a very cranky-looking, small, "collapsible" dinghy, to be rowed on board.

Entered dinghy gingerly. "Afraid you must sit in bottom of boat, Sir. She's a bit crank, yer see, Sir, and sometimes she tarn right over if you—" Sat down with great promptness, in three inches of water. Trousers at once thoroughly

wetted for rest of day. Caught in swell of passing steamer and nearly capsized—a truly thrilling moment. Reached sailing boat at last, safe, but nervous. Climbed on board shivering. Wet through from waist downwards.

"This is jolly, isn't it?" says enthusiastic BLUFFER, as he dislocates my wrist helping me over the side. "Just stand by, old chap, and—ah, look out for the boom!—that's it! Oh, sorry, really," as he jerks coil of rope on which I stand from under me, nearly throwing me overboard. "Now, just duck your head—that's it—out of the way, quick! I shall only want you to keep in a stooping position for less than a quarter of an hour. Haul up your anchor, WILL. Now stand by. I say, old man, you don't mind my telling you that you're rather in the way there, do you? Better go into the cabin till we're sailing."

"Go into the what?" I ask dubiously. "Oh, this is the cabin, is it? This—this sort of shelf thing, eh? Lie on the shelf? Oh, very well," and I crawled into a place like a rabbit-hutch, only not quite so big. Much tramping about, and then we started, or tried to, but there was not a breath of wind. "Sure to get a puff presently," cries the ever cheery BLUFFER, as he hauls at tangled mass of ropes, then slips up and sits with fearful violence on the floor—deck, I mean.

We at once commenced a stately retrogression, until our further career was arrested by going stern foremost into a yacht at anchor. I draw a veil over the scene that ensued, and forbear to repeat the awful language which hurtled through the air from boat to boat. We got clear, and then came a thunder-clap, followed immediately by a drenching downpour of rain, and once more I took refuge in the rabbit hutch. After an hour of this, a slight breeze sprang up, and we drew away from the other boat, forging ahead for nearly a hundred yards. "Looks pretty bad to windward," says BLUFFER. It did—black as ink. More thunder—vivid lightning—dead calm. WILL takes dinghy and begins to tow us, in order to avoid going on rocks. Three hours slowly—oh, so slowly!—pass. Nothing to eat, drink or smoke.

BLUFFER still optimistic. I depressed. Am wet through, hungry and thirsty. Once more light breeze springs up. We hope again. In vain, for it drops almost immediately, and we drift slowly and sadly on with the tide.

"We shall be up to the Club house in another four hours," says B.

But by this time I am on the verge of tears.

"Couldn't you put me ashore in the dinghy?" I ask feebly.

"Well, yes, I could, if you're not enjoying it," he replies, in rather an offended tone.

"Enjoying it?" I cover my face with my hands and repress a groan. Never felt so happy in my life as when, once more, I take my seat in dinghy—this time six inches deep in water—and WILL paddles me a mile and a half to the shore. Drop WILL a shilling and rush off to Station at Puddlecombe.

"Train for Swanbourne, Sir?" says sympathetic porter. "Train's jest gone—two hours and a 'arf to wait, Sir. Like to set in the waitin' room, Sir? Refreshment room, Sir? Well, no, there ain't no refreshments, not rightly speakin', Sir; but there's a bottle o' water and a glass in the waitin' room, Sir."

F. R.

"SIC ITUR AD ASTRA."

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Unfortunate you never read papers. ROSEBERY at Birmingham really good. Borrow Wednesday's Times and read speech. Splendid idea astronomy. Such a change and rest. Shall take it up immediately. Plenty of time now, as HICKS-BEACH and others have smoothed over recent hubbub.

Telegram from Whittinghame.—I have read speech. Not bad for him. Especially that jeer at newspapers. But remarks about astronomy really admirable. Never thought he could have such an inspiration. Just the thing for me. Begin to find golf and motor are not far enough away from ordinary life. So glad you think the same. Await news of your work with eagerness.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Just my view. Knew you would be interested. Have bought small telescope. Unfortunately, have no books on astronomy. Only Whitaker. Can't understand his long words. What does "planet in opposition" mean? Sounds like HARCOURT.

Letter from Whittinghame.—I am getting on splendidly. No time to write much. I have got *Astronomy for Beginners* from Edinburgh, and will try to help you. I cannot find "Plantagenet in opposition" in it. Have mislaid your telegram, but remember you mentioned HARCOURT. I am just reading about the Nebular Hypothesis.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Sat up all night looking through telescope for Nebular Hypothesis. Awfully sleepy, and couldn't see anything that seemed like it. Where is it?

Telegram from Whittinghame.—No idea. But have found Great Bear.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Ask Astronomer Royal. Reply immediately.

Telegram from Whittinghame.—Most injudicious reveal our ignorance to expert.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Very true. Seems a foreign phrase. Ask LANSDOWNE. Splendid linguist.

Telegram from Whittinghame.—Telegraphed to LANSDOWNE, "Where is Nebular Hypothesis?" He replied, "Why worry about policy in Persia or China? We



THE OPENING MEET OF THE WOPSHIRE HUNT.

have none." I knew he would make a mistake. Knows nothing about astronomy. Advise you to look at Great Bear. It's in the North. Most interesting.

Letter from Beaulieu.—I sat up again all night looking through telescope for Great Bear, but I couldn't see anything with the faintest resemblance to a bear. I really begin to doubt if astronomy is such a rest after all. I get no sleep whatever now, except in the day-time. But I couldn't rest till I found it, so I went over to Nice and called on the Préfet. Always thought him a charming fellow. I said, "Avez-vous appris astronomie? Avez-vous vu le Grand Ours?" "Pardon," said he. "Le Grand Ours," said I, "dans le nord?" "Ah, monsieur le marquis," said he, "quelle charmante plaisanterie! Vous parlez du Tsar. Non, je ne l'ai pas vu." It is so annoying; people always will talk politics, the very thing I want to avoid. So I came back here, and read all I could find in *Whitaker*. Didn't you make a mistake in spelling "Nebula"? There is no R at the end. Anyway, I found the words "Nebula in Orion." But that didn't help much, for

I don't know where Orion is. If I could only find Orion, perhaps Hypothesis might be near it. Just at that moment the Préfet came to return my call. Rather a nuisance. So I asked him, "Où est Orion?" Perhaps I didn't pronounce it quite rightly. "Ah," he answered with a laugh, "toujours des plaisanteries! Où est l'Orient? La Question d'Orient. Très-bien!" He always drags in politics. I shall drop his acquaintance. As for that Hypothesis Nebula, we shall really have to call a Cabinet Council if we can't find it. Never do to ask Astronomer Royal. You were quite right. By the way, DEVONSHIRE is President of the Board of Education, so he ought to know a little something about elementary knowledge. Telegraph to him, probably asleep at Newmarket.

Post-card from Whittinghame.—Good idea. I also wanted to know where Perseus is. So I telegraphed to DEVONSHIRE, "Where are Orion and Perseus?" He replied, "Never heard of either. Are you thinking of Ormonde and Persimmon?" I cannot understand this at all. Have searched all through my *Astronomy* for

Beginners, and cannot find either of these stars. DEVONSHIRE must have been dreaming as usual.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Never mind anything. Finding night work awfully tiring, tried day studies. Have made grand discovery. Immense spot on sun. Estimate its diameter about five hundred thousand miles. Am writing full description of it. Get no sleep now day or night.

Telegram from Whittinghame.—Heartiest congratulations. Shall I inform Astronomer Royal?

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Immediate. Very important. For goodness' sake, don't. All a mistake. Spot of ink on end glass of telescope. Utterly disgusted. Shall give up astronomy. Politics less agitating. So am coming home.

H. D. B.

AFGHANISTAN IN FOUR LINES.

THE quidnuncs quaked with quivering fear

When learning of the dead AMEER.

But why decry the Afghan nation?—

The new rule means Ameerlioration.



HARRY'S SON'S HOLIDAY REMINISCENCES. No. 3.—SWITZERLAND.

(Drorn all by himself, and signed "Harry's Son.")

ENTERPRISING PRO-MOTOR.

ONE of our special correspondents started out to try the effect of taking notes from his motor car whilst proceeding at top speed. The experiment took place in June; but we have only just received the following account of the result.

"Started away and turned on full head of smell—steam, I mean. Over Southwark Bridge, flizz, kick, bang, rattle! Flew along Old Kent Road; knocked down two policemen on patrol duty ("Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road"); fizzed on through New Cross and Lewisham at awful, nerve-destroying, sobbing pace, "toot toot-ing" horn all the way. No good, apparently, to some people, who would not, or possibly could not, get out of the way. Cannoned milk-cart entering Eltham village, ran into bus, but shot off it again, at a tangent, up on to the footpath, frightening old lady into hysterics. Onwards we went, leaping and flying past everything on the road, into open country. Ran over dog and three chickens, and saw tandem horses take fright and bolt; dust flew, people yelled at us and we yelled at people. Came round sharp corner on to donkey standing in road. "Boosted" him up into the air and saw him fall through

roof of outhouse! Whirr-r-up! bang! rattle! flizz-izz—BUST!

"Where am I?—Oh, in hospital—oh, really?—Seems nice clean sort of place.—How long?—Oh, been here about six weeks—have I, really? And what?—Oh, both arms, you say?—and left leg? Ah—by the way, do you know anyone who wants to buy a motor?—What, no motor left?—By Jove! that's funny, isn't it?—Well, I think I'll go to sleep again now."

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

"Packet of Cheap Cigarettes." A paper-and-hay currency which circulated among the male infant population of Great Britain at the close of the Victorian era, paving the way to decimal coinage. Each packet contained ten "fags," or cigarettes, and, with portrait of popular general or actress thrown in, was exchanged at par for two cents, or one penny. The portraits were redeemable from the purchaser in various advantageous ways, if a set could be obtained; hence a fine spirit of hero and stage-worship was bred among the juvenile speculators, who would waylay the most unlikely persons with requests for "fag-photos" instead of coppers. Incidentally, these patriotic efforts at last

impaired the nerves and reduced the stature of the rising (sic) generation to such an extent that the currency in question had been abolished. It was then discovered by bimetallists what had been through many years the disturbing factor in the rates of exchange.

"South African Loyalist Family (Skeletons)." These specimens, in their living form, belonged to a branch of sub-tropical fauna which at one time (previous to 1900) were widely spread over Cape Colony and the adjoining parts. Owing, however, to a systematic policy of discouragement pursued by the Imperial Government then in office (the same authorities who "preferred unmounted men" for mobile columns), it was gradually brought home to the individuals in question that "loyalty did not pay," especially when they saw that all the available fat of the land was reserved *ipso facto* for the more dangerous creatures who displayed enough "slimness" (Anglicé, treachery) and truculency to warrant an outcry in their favour on the part of the home sentimentalists. The breed of loyalists, therefore, became extinct, at least in this part of Africa, but the collector may still occasionally meet with whole groups of skeletons in the remoter districts of the veld.